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On getting the beads she sallied out, but instead of seeking the barn, she went very quietly to a back window of the dwelling-house, which opened into the room that now contained the fire-arms; in a few minutes, with an alacrity which could not have been expected from her, she squeezed herself through, and taking the jug of water before mentioned, wet the pan and touch-hole of every gun and pistol on the bed, after which she quietly returned through the window, leaving the arms perfectly useless. In the mean time, Paul the Shot, who had been detained long beyond his intended hour, arrived, and by his presence not only enlivened them with his drollery, but occasioned the whiskey to be circulated more freely, if possible, than before.

The night had now advanced to eleven o'clock, when the aunt entered, with a sadly devout face, beads in hand.

"Here, Alley jewel, hang them on the dockin' agin. Och, och—it's sinners and fools we all are," she ejaculated, "to be thinkin' of any thing but our sows! Asthore, Alley, go up into that room," said she to her niece, crossing herself as the signal, "and thry if you can find my little bottle of holy wather that's some place in it; but, for the love of heaven, keep from them murderin' guns and pisthols; don't come wíthout it, for I'll not be myself till I get a sup of it an me."

"Katty," said Paul, winking at the company, "bud-an'-age, sure such a good crathur as you doesn't want the half of the prayers you say; but, any way, you're what I call a tight ould blade, and commit very little sin whin you're asleep."

"I kill no mutton thin, any how, Paul," said she.

"Arrah, Paul," said one of them, "will you tell us the story about the time you went to buy the forty-piana for Colonel Edmonson's daughter, long ago?"

[Here follows the episode of the "Piano Thirty," which has been inserted in the 101st number of the Journal, to which we refer our readers.]

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### ANACREONTIC ODE.

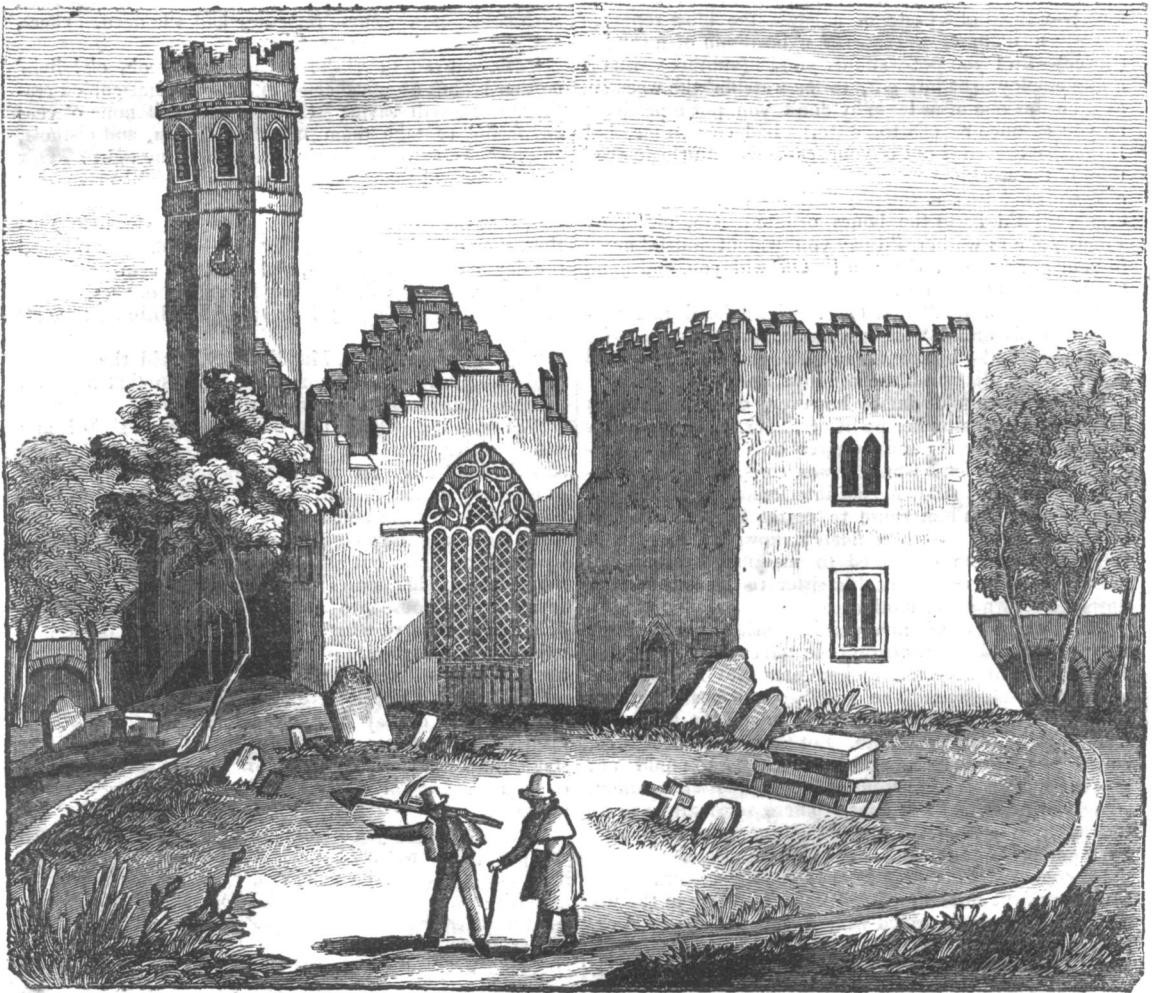
Nature, with providential care,  
Midst other bounties, left  
No living thing that wanders here  
Of self-defence bereft.

Those teeth and jaws of matchless force  
She gave the lion bold;  
With sinewy strength endowed the horse,  
And hooves of solid mould.

His goring horns the bull she gave;  
The swift foot to the hare;  
The fish, a shelter in the wave;  
The winged bird, in the air.

Man, bless'd with wisdom, was ordained  
To lord creation o'er;  
And woman—what for her remain'd  
Of bounteous Nature's store?

Why, beauty—'gainst whose conquering charms,  
Resistless as the dart,  
No shield defends, no courage arms,  
The captivated heart.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CLONMEL.